

American JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

April 1932

"I Serve"





RENE
MIL
UPTON

If you happen to be caught in one of those swift, silvery showers which are apt to overtake you in Porto Rico, just pick a melanga leaf by the roadside. It has been done for centuries and is still the custom. When Columbus took his son Fernando with him on his last voyage, the boy kept a diary in which he noted that a native king received them naked except for a golden eagle hung about his neck, but that he had a large leaf held over him as it was raining hard. The melanga has a nourishing root somewhat like a potato.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

The Classroom Index of Activities

Art:

"A Romance Carved in Ivory," "End Papers for Albums"

Auditorium:

"Fish of April" (editorial), "Florence Nightingale's First Patient." See also "A Play for the Washington Bicentennial" below.

English:

"A Romance Carved in Ivory," "Our Own Verse"

Geography:

"Insect Helpers"—about a rather exciting kind of international cooperation.

Albania—"Juniors at Home and Abroad"

Canada—"Friends Over the Border"

Czechoslovakia—"Juniors at Home and Abroad"

Finland—"The Sun Returns to Suomi"

Japan—"Juniors at Home and Abroad"

Porto Rico—"Porto Rican Umbrellas" (frontispiece)

Handwork:

"End Papers for Albums"

Health:

"Florence Nightingale's First Patient"

Music:

"Robin's Spring Song," "An Apple Orchard in the Spring" (back cover)

Nature Study:

"Insect Helpers"

Primary Grades:

"In Treeland," "Motto For a Dog House," "Our Own Verse," "Robin's First Song," "An Apple Orchard in the Spring"

World Citizenship:

"Your Money Multiplied," "Friends Over the Border," "Juniors at Home and Abroad"

A Play for the Washington Bicentennial

A play of Revolutionary War days, printed in the February, 1928, JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, has been mimeographed for free distribution on request. The title is "That Blooming Boy." Your Junior Red Cross Chairman will be glad to secure a copy for you if you can use it. If you have no Junior Red Cross Chairman, write direct to National or Branch Headquarters.

A Rounded Picture of Character Education

LIVES IN THE MAKING, Aims and Ways of Character Building, Henry Neumann. D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1932. \$3.

The author starts with the authentic point of view that "wickedness is no more natural than goodness." Yet "the promises of childhood are promises only to the extent that the gifts are developed unceasingly all along the line." In modern science, history and literature, athletics, the home, the community, the church, and the school lie materials of highest growth, if the

young searcher after abundant life is guided to seek, recognize, and assimilate.

Experience must come first; but experience often needs interpretation. Dr. Neumann resolves what may have seemed competitive theories of character education, showing the place of each in a complete picture. As intelligent habits of social conduct are established through experience unifying principles may be made clear:

"We can train a boy in specific acts of courtesy. But just as soon as we can get him to grasp, for example, how the essence of courtesy is consideration for others, we can feel surer that he has less need for some one to point out all the many further applications."

Superficial objections to the necessity or efficacy of character education are answered:

"Boys and girls read books, look at pictures, attend talkies, read newspapers, laugh over the conduct in comic strips, hear conversations. . . . On every hand children are being taught what it would be better for them not to learn. If we ask, therefore, whether instruction in ethics should be offered, we must remember that the real problem is not whether such lessons should be given or not, but rather whether such useful lessons instead of hurtful ones should be offered and also whether the teaching should come from informed and responsible people instead of the uninformed and irresponsible."

The development of a high social spirit is a primary essential:

"We can hardly expect young people to care very much about simply becoming better persons. They demand some much more challenging outlet for their energies. One such direction is offered by a living sense of all that this world of ours might be if it were made over on nobler lines. . . . Social obstacles like poverty, prejudice, war, are challenges to the creative spirit—"

The hackneyed discussion of whether reward should be expected or accepted in "doing good" takes a fresh turn, in a comment on a tiny girl's report of a Thanksgiving act of kindness. "We were very happy," the tot said. And Dr. Neumann forestalling the inevitable "No-no!" of pious adults, exclaims, "If their own happiness is the chief motive in such acts, we can only wish that more seeking for happiness were of such a type." For after all, it is not wicked to want to be happy; and the world would be well off if early experience led to an exciting discovery that happiness may be realized through unselfishness.

"What is the reward for being social-minded? It is like asking what reward there is in being a friend. . . . One answer is that people cannot all accept the idea that everybody lives to himself and for himself alone. . . . They realize from their own experience that something inestimably precious would go from their lives if getting and spending for themselves were all that mattered."

The quotations given freely here are only samplings. When you read the book yourself you will understand how much you would otherwise have missed.

Developing Calendar Activities for April

A Classroom Index of Calendar Activities

Art:

Exhibits for a Junior Red Cross Rally; posters; illustrations for school correspondence

Citizenship:

A Junior Red Cross Rally—exhibits of school work for service and gifts for veterans; organization for next year; reports on the year's service

English:

An episode for a Junior Red Cross pageant; selection of international correspondence letters for inclusion in a mimeographed book for the whole county

Handwork:

Gifts for sailors' Christmas bags; posters

Health:

See page 4 of this TEACHER'S GUIDE.

Music:

Songs for the Junior Red Cross Rally—"Song of Service," "The Red Cross Spirit Speaks," "Junior Red Cross World Song"

Nature:

Flower posters; international correspondence

Primary Grades:

Story posters; flower posters

World Citizenship:

Exhibit for the Junior Red Cross Rally, a mimeographed book of international correspondence letters received by schools in your county.

Self-direction and Planned Guidance

Self-direction on the part of young people is not opposed to planned guidance on the part of their counselors. The part of each is illustrated in a prospectus for organization of Junior Red Cross in Elizabeth, New Jersey. The outline sent by Guy L. Hilleboe, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, was prepared for discussion by a committee of sponsors. Following its acceptance, with suggested modification or extension, it was to be presented by sponsors in individual schools to Junior Red Cross Council members, for their further adaptation and development. The balance of emphasis on vital activities and organization through which these may function is noteworthy.

"TO MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS ORGANIZATION COMMITTEE:

"The accompanying summary of the organization and activities of the Junior Red Cross in other cities will give you a basis for suggestions for the organization of activities in Elizabeth. Please bring to our next meeting concrete suggestions.

GUY L. HILLEBOE

"Report of the Junior Red Cross Sub-Committee:

"The consensus of opinion was that the organization of the Junior Red Cross on a city-wide basis would be worthwhile in terms of activities primarily local in nature, arising out of conditions existing in individual schools. The greatest objection for the high school seemed to be the lack of time in the homeroom period for the meeting of necessary groups. It is recognized, however, that a city-wide organization would coordinate the work in the city among the various schools.

"The following four objectives are submitted for con-

sideration. It is hoped that the members will enlarge or add to these objectives.

1. To bring back to each pupil the types and kinds of social agents and institutions and the service which these institutions are rendering and the service which the classrooms can render to these institutions. Examples: Christmas gifts, entertainments, toys, English class projects in reading to children

2. To inaugurate and carry out programs of health and sanitation in the community which is within pupils' power to perform

3. To continue activities suggested by the Junior Red Cross national organization insofar as these activities are approved by this city council or are consistent with Elizabeth needs

4. To correlate Junior Red Cross activities with classroom work to the extent desirable to promote national and international goodwill between children of various communities and nations

"Organization:

"The success of any organization for Junior Red Cross activities depends, to a large extent, on the degree to which the homeroom teachers and the pupils understand the problem and are in sympathy with it. It is desirable that the selection of types of activities be placed in the hands of the children and that projects which are initiated be carried through to completion by them. This will mean that where the Junior Red Cross program is not now in operation, this program will have to be explained to the homeroom teachers who in turn will explain it to the members of the class.

"The following organization is suggested as a basis for working out a program:

1. Each classroom or a combination of two or three classrooms in the same grade are organized to carry out the objectives as decided on by the school and city council. The homeroom teacher or teachers will be in charge of these sections.

2. Each homeroom will elect one member to sit in a school council which will determine policies for the school and which will instruct representatives to the city council as to city-wide policies. This school council will be under the sponsorship of a teacher to be selected by the principal.

3. Each school council will send one representative to a city-wide council which shall have the following duties:

- a. To secure facts about community institutions and agencies in terms of services to be rendered
- b. To survey the city in terms of sanitary or safety hazards which may be eliminated through the action of the children in the schools
- c. To articulate the work of the individual schools in the city
- d. To report to and receive reports from the National Junior Red Cross
- e. To be a clearing house for national or international correspondence

f. This city Junior Red Cross Council will be under the sponsorship of the Junior Chairman for the city. It will report back to the school councils by means of the school representatives and a mimeographed report of the meeting. It should also include a faculty representative of the elementary schools, junior high school, and senior high school, and the head of the department of health and physical education. Regular meetings will be held of the homeroom organization, the school council, and the city council. These meetings will be staggered so that the results can be carried forward and acted upon.

"The sub-committee:

GUY L. HILLEBOE, WALTER GARDELL,
PORTER AVERILL, RAYMOND CLARKE,
BESSIE M. GALLAGHER."

A Unit on Worldwide Friendship

THE outline given below is a unit prepared for the homerooms of the Westport Junior High School, Kansas City, to use at Christmas. Many of the suggestions are appropriate for the weeks preceding World Goodwill Day, May 18.

To TEACHERS:

The message of this unit is good will—tolerance—or, in the motto of the society, "Worldwide Friendship." (Reference—Ethel Blair Jordan's "In hearts too young for enmity—").

The aim: (After the Maryland School Bulletin)

1. To make the study of other lands real
2. To lead children to realize the many likenesses that children of all lands bear to one another
3. To prevent the antipathy which they might develop for other people not of their kind or color

First Week

Monday—Read to the homeroom the story "A Christmas in Denmark" in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for December. The story is an excellent portrayal of details of Danish Christmas customs. Point out similarities and differences in Danish Christmas dishes and pastries, the Christmas tree, the home games, the gifts, and the belief in *Julenissee*, or Christmas fairies.

Call attention to the Westport Junior foreign correspondence which is on display in the cases in the front corridor. Write the following questions on the blackboard for investigation and later in the week, say on Thursday, discuss the answers.

1. What countries carry on correspondence with Westport Junior?
 2. What nationalities are represented?
 3. What four continents are represented?
 4. When was this correspondence begun?
 5. Which foreign students wrote to us in English?
 6. Who translates the foreign material?
 7. Assign two special students to copy excerpts of the letters of the foreign friends to read to the homeroom
- ANSWERS**—(For teacher's use; let the children scout for the answers)
1. Poland, Japan, India, Spain, Australia
 2. Polish, Japanese, Indian, Spanish, and English
 3. Europe, Asia, Australia, and North America
 4. In 1929-1930
 5. The Australian and Indian
 6. The Red Cross

Tuesday—Read to the students "Our Bethlehem," JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for December, page 81. Perhaps the material on ornaments on page 77, the dolls on pages 84-85 and "Fellow Members at Work," pages 91-92 will be of use.

Assign for Wednesday program the "Christmas News From Other Lands" on pages 94-95.

Wednesday—Make up your program of reports assigned on Tuesday.

Assign for reports, dramatization, or posters, the material on "Christmas in Other Lands," in the Manual for the Observance of Special Days.

Promote displays and exhibits of flags, costumes, objects of art, stamps, coins, or other objects from foreign countries.

Thursday-Friday—Finish the material assigned for the week.

Second Week

Monday—Feel free to use all the time which you need for your own homeroom plans. Save a full

period for an impressive reading of "Gifts for Which We Are Thankful." This is a summary of the study of our interdependence with other nations. Copy on the blackboard:

"My first wish is to see the whole world at peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving to see which should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

GIFTS FOR WHICH WE ARE THANKFUL

By Franklin K. Lane

1. "America is a land of but one people gathered from many countries, some for love of money and some for love of freedom. Whatever the love that brought them, each has his gift. Irish lad and Scot, Englishman and Dutch, Italian, Greek and French, Spaniard, Slav, Teuton, Norse, Negro—all have come bearing gifts and have laid them on the altar of America.
2. "All brought their music,—winged tales of man's many passions, folk songs and psalms, ballads of heroes and tunes of the sea, lilting scraps caught from sky and field, or mighty dramas that tell of primeval struggles of the profoundest meaning."

(Ask the students what foreign music they sing and play.)

3. "All brought poetry. All brought art, fancies of the mind woven in wool or wood, silk, stone, or metal,—rugs and baskets, gates of fine design and modeled gardens, houses and walls, pillars, roofs, windows, statues, and paintings—all brought their art and handcraft."

(The foreign displays which you have been able to build up illustrate this.)

4. "Then, too, each brought some homely thing, some touch of the familiar home, field or forest, kitchen or dress, a favorite tree or fruit, an accustomed flower, a style in cookery, or in costume—each brought some home-like familiar thing."

(Examples of "International" dishes: Irish stew, Hungarian goulash, Yorkshire pudding, Chinese chop suey, Italian spaghetti, Mexican hot tamales. Other examples of common articles which we receive from other countries include: rugs—Persia; linen—Ireland; chrysanthemums—Japan; china—England; olives—Spain; sardines—Norway; dates and figs—Palestine; tea—China and Japan; flowering bulbs—Holland; woolen goods—Australia and New Zealand; diamonds—South Africa; coffee—South and Central America.)

5. "And all brought hands with which to work. And all brought minds that could conceive. And all brought hearts filled with home, stout hearts to drive live minds, live minds to direct willing hands. These were the gifts they brought."

(Intolerance should be hit hard. The poem "Things that Sting" illustrates these two points: All labor is dignified; all workers are to be respected.) [If this is too youthful, the following are admirable—"Dago and Sheeny and Chink," by Bishop McIntyre, and "Scum of the Earth," by Robert Haven Schauffler. R.E.H.]

6. "Hatred of old-time neighbors, national prejudices and ambitions, traditional fears, set standards of living, graceless intolerance, class rights and demand of class—these were barred at the gate. At the altar of America we have sworn ourselves to a single loyalty. We have bound ourselves to sacrifice and struggle, to plan and to work for this land. We have given that we may gain, we have surrendered that we may have victory. We have taken an oath that the world shall have a chance to know how much good may be gathered from all countries, and how solid in its strength, how wise, how fertile in its yield, how lasting and sure is the life of a people who are one."

In his *The Epic of America* (1931) James Truslow Adams points out that the United States itself is the noble experiment—a dream unique in the world's history—"the belief in the common man and the insistence upon his having, as far as possible, equal opportunity in every way with the rich one."

Fitness for Service for April

Care of the Teeth

IN THIS period of nosing into the intimate affairs of the Father of Our Country, children may be entertained by learning that George Washington's dentist, John Greenwood, was

"also a skilled mechanic, a maker of cabinets and mathematical instruments. He made several full sets of upper and lower teeth for George Washington between the years of 1791 and 1798. That he was a progressive man is indicated by the fact that he was the first American to treat an abscessed maxillary sinus through the socket of a molar tooth. Horace Hayden, an admirer of Greenwood, was one of the men to begin the modern era in American dentistry about 1839-1840."

Paul Revere was likewise a dentist, a maker of plates and of false teeth, as well as a goldsmith.¹

Reasons for the Care of the Teeth

Appearance alone is sufficient reason for right care of the teeth. Any very noticeable handicap, due to crowded or crooked teeth, may have an unfortunate influence on mental health and may, because of this, prove a handicap in adult life. Corrective work in childhood is an excellent investment for lifetime happiness.

The importance of sound teeth to health is rarely overestimated. Good teeth are essential for proper nutrition. Abscessed teeth are a menace to the health of the whole body, including the most vital organs, because of absorption of toxic poisons throughout the system.

Essentials in Care of the Teeth

The importance of proper nutrition in health of the teeth is now emphasized beyond the importance of cleanliness. In this connection the nutrition story in the January, 1932, issue of the News should be read again.² With regard to the effect of diet on children's teeth, the following is a statement of recent conclusions:

"A number of reports on control of cavities in the teeth indicate that the use of an adequate diet will do a great deal to decrease the prevalence of this menace to health. It is now known that there is a true circulation within the tooth, which provides for the nutrition of the tooth throughout life, a fact which has done away with the idea that tooth structure can not be altered when once formed. A liberal supply of calcium and phosphorus in a well-planned diet containing foods which yield plenty of vitamins D and C is necessary, especially during infancy."

"In the State University of Iowa, two physicians observed that a number of children suffering from diabetes were showing a great decrease rather than an increase of teeth cavities. It was discovered that the carefully supervised diets of these children were higher in the minerals and vitamins than that of most well children. To test the effect of diet upon the teeth of well children was the next step. A group of the healthy pre-school children in their homes and another group of children in an orthopedic ward of a hospital were fed practically the same diet that had been given the diabetic children. This diet was made up largely of milk, cream, butter, eggs, cod liver oil, meat, bulky vegetables and fruit. The result was that in every instance the development of cavities was arrested and there was no new dental decay. These results have been confirmed in several other similar experiments."

The objects of brushing the teeth are cleanli-

ness and circulation. Most authorities seem to agree that the upper teeth should be brushed with a downward stroke and the lower teeth with an upward stroke. The brushing should be brisk but not harsh enough to wound the gums. Many up-to-date dentists are now advising the use of a pure castile soap for brushing the teeth, especially if gums are sensitive.

There is no substitute for dental prevention and cure. No one but a good dentist can correct the cavities at an early stage and detect abscesses or other conditions dangerous to health.

Dental Clinics In the Philippine Islands

A letter from the seventh-grade pupils of the Cuyapo Elementary School, Philippine Islands, to Greece, tells in an engaging manner of the major Junior Red Cross project in the schools of the Philippine Islands:

"DEAR SCHOOL FRIENDS:

"Most of the Filipino school children are members of the Junior Red Cross organization. We do not know when it was introduced into our country, but we began paying our first membership fees when we were in the first grade. Filipino children are proud to be members of such a brotherly organization.

"Our school, for several years now, has been always 100 per cent in its membership, that is, every pupil enrolled in the school is also a member of the Junior Red Cross.

"Every year a Junior Red Cross dentist visits our school to treat the pupils. We like to be treated by a dentist, but we feared him at first, especially the first time we met a dentist working in his clinic. Really, we did not like him and we refused to go to his clinic; that was when we were yet in the first grade. Our teacher had to take us to the clinic, and sometimes if the dentist could not wait for us, he had to send his helper to take us. When we were in his clinic we were trembling, especially if we saw some bleeding gums. We thought it was very painful. Some tried to run away, but his helper would run after them.

"Now, we are old and have learned lessons and benefits from experience. We could tell you better what a dentist does to every pupil. . . . He cleans our teeth, removes stain, and particles of food left between the teeth. He examines every tooth to see if there is any hole, if there is a temporary tooth moving, or if there is any decayed tooth. He has that very sharp instrument for detecting very small holes. He cleans the holes and fills them with fillings as he told us. He has many kinds of filling. He has a lead-like metal, cement, and another one which he heats before putting into the hole.

"When our tooth is very rotten, he removes it. Before removing it, he injects our gums and in that way we could not feel any pain when he removes our tooth.

"The dentist gives us talks about mouth hygiene. He explains to us the correct ways to brush our teeth and tells us to buy the correct form of a brush.

"Your friends,

"CUYAPO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PUPILS"

References

¹ *Health Horizons*, by Broadhurst and Lerrigo.

² "Esther's New Game," JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, January, 1932.

Better Teeth, by James Frederick Rogers, Health Education Bulletin No. 20, Bureau of Education, 1927, 5c.

Your Children's Teeth, by Percy R. Howe, U. S. Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., Folder No. 12, 1929, free.

Good Teeth, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, free.

A Romance Carved in Ivory

MARGARET R. SCHERER

PERCEVAL was hunting on a spring morning in the wood that is called the Solitary Forest, and he was right happy, for the trees were in blossom and the grass sprouted freshly, and the birds sang merrily on every hand. Of a sudden he heard a great noise among the trees, and three men on horses rode into the glade, shining with green and vermillion, gold and azure and silver, their shields and helmets gleaming in the sun. Whereupon Perceval, being but a boy and unused to seeing any persons save his mother, the Widow of the Forest, and the serfs who tilled her fields, fell upon his knees saying to himself: "These are angels, for my mother saith that naught is so fair as angels, save God, who is more beautiful than all. Here is one fairer than the others; my mother saith that one ought to believe in God and bow the knee, so this one

IN THE GALLERIES of the Louvre in Paris is an ivory jewel casket carved by some French craftsman of the fourteenth century with the story of Perceval the Simple who sought the Holy Grail. His adventures were told by many medieval chroniclers, but the story upon this casket is remarkable because it is taken from the oldest romance of Perceval and the Grail which has come down to us today. It was written by the French poet, Chrétien de Troyes, in the twelfth century, and has never been exactly translated into English, although parts of it are retold by William Newell in "King Arthur and the Round Table."

The two ends of the ivory casket



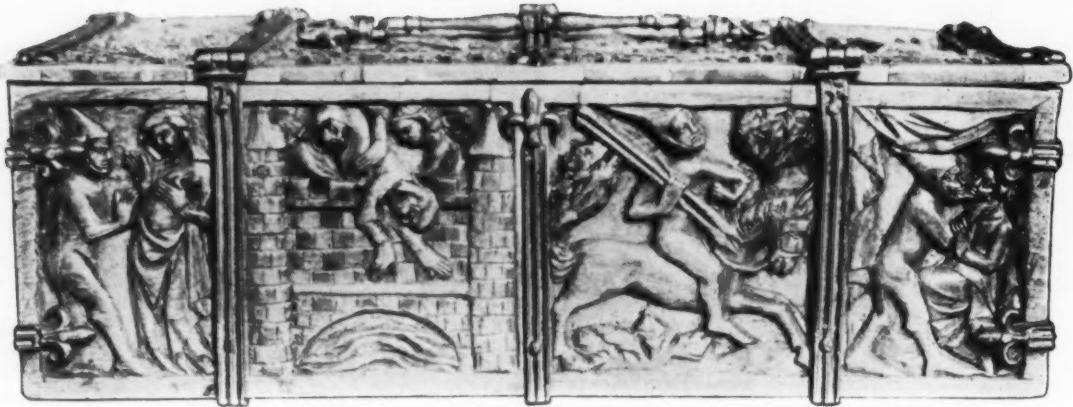
Perceval the Simple kneels before the knights in the forest, taking them for angels



Perceval rides up to King Arthur sitting at the Round Table with his wounded knights

will I worship."

But before long time had passed the strangers had persuaded him that they were mortals like himself, lately come from King Arthur, who had made them knights. And when Perceval had handled their armor and weapons and asked them many questions, he returned and told his mother that he must set out without delay to Arthur's court to be made a knight, for nothing else in the world would now content him. And she, although she quickly made him new garments, with a great canvas shirt and trousers such as countrymen wore, wept and prayed that he would not leave her, for her husband and all her other sons had died in battle and she had brought up Perceval in the deep forest so that he might never hear the name of knight. But on the third day Perceval rode his way, and as he looked back he



Perceval says farewell to his mother. She falls in a swoon. He rides through the forest to Arthur's court, and kisses a lady by the way

thought he saw his mother swoon from sorrow, but knew not until long after that she had died of a broken heart.

As Perceval drew near to Arthur's castle at Carlisle he met a knight bearing arms of pure red and carrying in his hand a golden cup. The boy liked so well these ruddy arms that he determined to ask the king to give him these and no others. So he came to Arthur's hall, which was paved with marble and level with the ground so he could ride into it and up to the very table. And there he found the king with a company of wounded knights, but saying no word, for he was too troubled to speak. Scarcely had Perceval greeted the company when he cried: "Sir King, make me a knight, for I am in haste to be gone!"

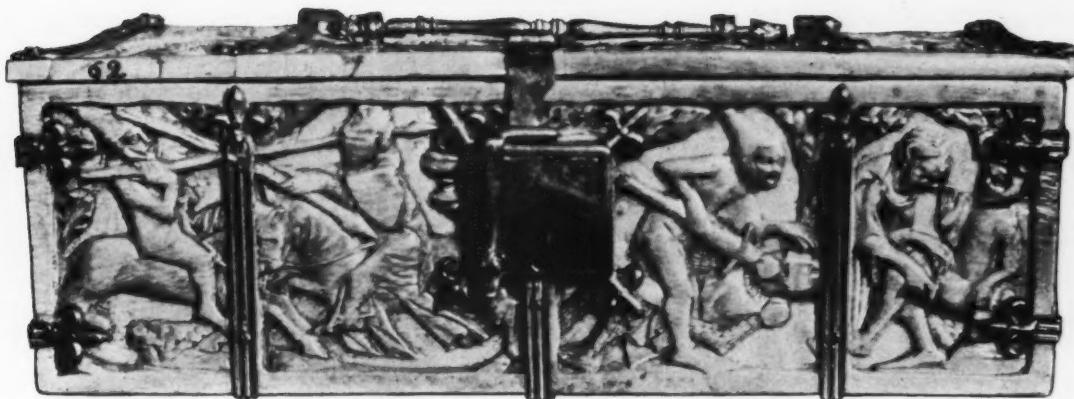
The king looked at him and deemed him a brave and likely youth, though not versed in the world's ways, and he sent a page to fetch armor. But Perceval made answer that he would have no arms save those of the Red Knight he had met outside the castle. At that King Arthur smiled and bade the boy take them if he could, for it was because of this man that he sat so sorrowful. This Red Knight had ridden into the hall and snatched a golden cup from the royal table, crying that he would keep it in the king's despite unless some good knight could win it back again. And because all the knights who sat there were weak from wounds there was none in that company to avenge the king's honor.

Straightway Perceval rode back as he had come, and a young squire called Yonet followed him secretly. When Perceval drew near the Red Knight he demanded both the cup and the red arms, saying: "King Arthur needeth them." And when the knight struck at him savagely, Perceval cast the dart which he had brought with him from hunting in the forest and over-

came the Red Knight with one blow as David conquered Goliath. But when he tried to take the arms the knight wore he knew not how to unfasten them, so that the squire, Yonet, came laughing to his aid. So Perceval took helmet and hauberk and shield, and sent the golden cup to Arthur by the hand of Yonet and set off himself on his adventures.

Presently he came to a fair castle, whose lord, Gonemans of Gellort, liked him well, and taught him the rules of chivalry. In especial, said Gonemans, he must not slay an enemy who asked for mercy when overthrown, nor deny his aid to anyone in distress, or to any damsel who needed help. And he cautioned Perceval to visit churches and monasteries often and gladly, and to converse with wise men, but not to speak too freely, for chattering often brought a man to shame. But one of these counsels Perceval forgot, and one he kept too well, for he could not learn in so short a time how to guide his life wisely. And before he left the castle, Gonemans persuaded him to change his peasants' clothing for the silken garments of a knight, so that he set forth as gallant to look upon as Sir Gawain.

More than one knight Perceval met and overthrew, and each one he sent to Arthur's court with messages to the king, until Arthur vowed that he must have this new knight for his Round Table. At last Perceval came to a town whose gates were fast closed, but since it was night and he was weary he demanded entrance. The townsmen opened a gate quickly and let him in, and he saw that they were half starved and very sorrowful. They led him to the castle where there met him a maiden who was lady of that town, Blanchefleur by name. Her broad forehead was like marble or pale ivory and the red of her cheeks lay on her white skin like rose on silver, and her hair was like fine gold. Well did



Perceval fights with the Red Knight. He tries to remove the Red Knight's armor, but fails. The squire, Yonet, disarms the vanquished knight

men call her the White Flower. She led Perceval to a fair chamber where there was welcome, but no more food than might be found in any peasant's hut. And she told Perceval that for twelve months her town had been besieged by a knight who wished to marry her to his master against her will. For this reason the townsfolk were starving, and she feared they could scarcely endure another day.

On the morrow Perceval armed himself, and when Blanchefleur came to say farewell he answered her: "I shall not seek other lodgings today; haply if I meet your enemy you shall hold your land in peace. If I conquer him I ask your love; no other wages will I accept." So he rode forth to challenge the knight to single combat, and it so fared that he overthrew him, though he was a strong man, well versed in warfare. And when that knight begged for mercy, Perceval bade him send away his army and betake himself a prisoner to Arthur's court.

Thereafter for a little while Perceval and Blanchefleur lived very happily in the city he had rescued, and all urged him to become its king. But he remembered his mother's sorrow when he departed, and vowed that first he must seek out the Solitary Forest and bring her to share his happiness. So, amid the wailing of the people, he said farewell to Blanchefleur, thinking to be gone but a little while.

But travel as he might, he could not come to the place where the wood lay, for this was a strange land, full of faery and charms and magic. At last he came one night to a dim castle of gray stone by a huge and dusky lake, which was as broad as a sea, and had no ford nor ferry, and there he sought shelter for himself and his horse. The men of that castle led him to a great hall, lit with many candles, where the master lay on a great bed near the fire. The lord of his castle

asked him to sit by his bed, and begged pardon of his guest that he could not rise. And as Perceval sat there, presently he saw a varlet bearing a lance by its middle, who passed between the bed and the fire, and in the light he could see that drops of blood flowed from its point. And after the lance came two youths with golden candlesticks and many candles, and after them a damsel who bore a grail, a vessel which shone within itself more brightly than the candles in the hall. Never had Perceval seen such things, and he felt that here was some worthy mystery. He longed to know what they might mean, but he remembered the counsel of Gonemans not to speak too freely, and he asked no questions. Alas, for many a year he was to regret that he kept silence then! And while they sat at meat the grail passed by again and still again, and Perceval saw it uncovered, yet said nothing. But to himself he vowed that ere he left on the morrow he would ask what these things might mean. But on the morrow when he awoke the castle was empty of all men, as though they had vanished by enchantment, and Perceval rode away no wiser than he had come. And scarcely had he passed the gates when he met a damsel who told him that he need seek no farther for his mother, for she was dead of grief for him.

Meanwhile Arthur had set out with all his court to find Sir Perceval, and Sir Gawain came upon him in a wood as he sat lost in thought. So Gawain took him to the king, and there he was received with great cheer, and there was revelry and feasting until there rode into the pavilion a damsel so terrible to look upon that all the knights would gladly have turned away. And she cried aloud before the king and all the court that Perceval had brought great sorrow on

(Continued on page 179)



A miniature forest came dancing down the road

The Sun Returns to Suomi

KATHARINE VAN ETEN LYFORD

Illustrations by Kurt Wiese

SIRKKU pushed back the warm red blankets and with one bounce was out of the fat feather bed. She pulled on her bright green stockings, slipped into a gaily striped woolen skirt, laced her black satin bodice over a wide-sleeved white blouse, the while shouting to her brothers, "Out of bed, you sleepers; have you forgotten the Juhannus Aatto?"

Sleepy murmurs answered her from the next room as she tied an embroidered green apron about her slender waist and perched a tiny pointed cap over the exact center of the part which separated her long braids of golden hair. Running to the open window, she looked out where the sea was reflecting a faint primrose light which steadily brightened. By the time her brothers joined her, the sun had popped his cheery face over the horizon in a burst of sunshine.

"What a day for our festival," cried Reignar, poking his tousled head out of the window. He was dressed in his comfortable summer clothes, brown shorts and a white blouse open at the neck, and he was barefoot, having discarded the heavy reindeer-hide boots which Finnish boys wear during the long cold winters. "Enough rain yesterday to wash the birches clean," he con-

tinued, "and a fine light wind today for sailing. When the Piironen cousins come from the city, Sirkku, let's race them to the cove—and beat them, too."

Five-year-old Dixielius was dancing on his bare toes at his sister's side, shouting, "See, Sirkku, the sun *did* come to tell us that summer is here, just as you said he would. And he *did* scare old winter out of sight, for there isn't a snow cloud in the sky. The spinners told you true, sister, didn't they?"

The tall Finnish girl picked up her little brother and held him tightly in her strong young arms while together they gazed out over the sun-swept sea. Dikku loved the old legends of their native Finland as much as she, and during the long winter he had never tired of hearing retold the stories she had learned from the spinners on her grandmother's sheep farm. For every year since she was twelve, Sirkku had been allowed to leave home and high school for a week and help her grandmother with the spinning. For four weeks she had placed her spinning wheel in the center of the great attic to be sure of catching every word chanted by the six old spinning women who came from far off Vaarmland to work for her grandmother. They blended gos-

sip, adventure and superstitions into a kind of endless song which they sang to the rhythm of turning wheels and twisting wool. Many of the stories dealt with miraculous deeds which occurred on Midsummer Eve, for in Finland winter brings so many months of harsh weather and sunless days that the arrival of summer is not only welcome, but the return of the warm, bright sun seems a miracle in itself.

"Yes, Dikku," said his sister, freeing him from her arms, but holding tight to his short woolen jacket as he leaned out of the window, "and the spinners also told me that if the sun shone on the birch boughs by our door making lace shadows, we would be sure he would stay the rest of the summer and bring our home good luck!"

A call of "Breakfast is ready" came from below. Reignar snatched Dikku from his precarious stand by the window and, holding him upside down, bore him shrieking with laughter and protests down the narrow stairs.

The hearty meal of salt herring, hot pancakes and coffee was scarcely finished before a crowd of boys and girls were at the door, calling, "Reignar, Sirkku, Dikku, come along to the forest with us. And don't forget your *pukkas*, for the best birch boughs are green and tough." The three children scurried about looking for their short, sharp hunting knives in their reindeer-skin sheaths, which they fastened with little metal hooks to their belts. With promises to be back in time to help make the bathhouse fire, they ran off to the woods with their friends.

A few hours later, a miniature forest came dancing down the road; boys and girls had kept their *pukkas* busy, and now their arms were piled high with branches of silvery green birch. Reignar and Sirkku carried theirs to the porch and placed boughs in all four corners and two very tall branches on either side of the door, while Dikku helped his mother tuck feathery sprays behind pictures in the living room and even tied a tuft of leaves on the top of the great porcelain stove.

"Father wants us at the bathhouse." Reignar pulled his sister away from a book she had started to read, and together they ran down to the beach, where they found their father piling kindling under the stones in the little cabin which they knew as the bathhouse. Soon a fire was going merrily, and by the time the cousins had begun to arrive from the city, the stones were red hot and buckets of cold water poured over them sent up clouds of steam. As holiday hospitality always includes a strenuous Finnish bath, the young city cousins eagerly followed Reignar into the little house, climbed the lad-

der to the steam-shrouded balcony and sat there until they were red with the heat and stifled for air. Then down the ladder they went and into the cold waters of the sea for a quick plunge before their return to the bathhouse. This time the steam had thinned a little, and Sirkku came running to bring them bunches of water-soaked birch leaves with which they took turns beating each other. When their skins were glowing with color and their voices were hoarse from shouting, they ran across the lawn to the house, there to don their clothes quickly and hurry to the wharf to help trim the boats.

Rowboats, sailboats and skiffs were soon festooned with green boughs until they looked like small floating islands. The time had at last come for the race and Reignar and Sirkku challenged the Piironen cousins. With a burst of cheers they pushed off, and the two sailboats skimmed swiftly along the shore. As the slender sails filled with the breeze they gathered speed, and, racing swiftly bow to bow, put in almost at the same moment at the cove.

"Reignar won," cried Dikku, but was quickly silenced by his older brother's admitting, "Only by a couple of inches, Dikku."

Boys and girls tumbled out of the boats as fast as they could and made for the great four-sided swings which stood along the picnicking beach of the cove. Like a monkey, Dikku climbed up first, but close behind him came Sirkku, her dignity and holiday dress quite forgotten. As the swings swept out over the sandy beach, she began to sing the Song of Midsummer. Soon the others joined her, sending their clear voices far out over the sea in time to the swaying swings:

"Swing, oh swing my swing very high,
For it is Midsummer Eve;
The raspberry shines, cherry trees scent the night,
And over our heads gleams the arch of the sky."

An hour later they sailed home, passing many of their friends in birch-trimmed boats making for islands and headlands where *kokko* fires were already burning brightly.

"Hurry, hurry," begged small Dikku, "Father promised me I should light our *kokko* fire this Juhannus Aato," and Reignar steered his boat to catch the wind and bring them quickly home.

At the wharf they found their parents and grown-up cousins sitting around a huge pile of driftwood, carefully saved for many weeks for the midsummer *kokko* fire. With the help of his father Dikku lit it, and the flames rose high and straight as the driftwood kindled. Sirkku and the other girls helped Aunt Piironen prepare the coffee, while the boys defied smoke and scorched

fingers searching for good hot embers in which to roast potatoes.

Suddenly Sirkku felt a tug at her apron; Ana Piironen was trying to get her attention. "Have you forgotten the dream flowers?" she whispered anxiously.

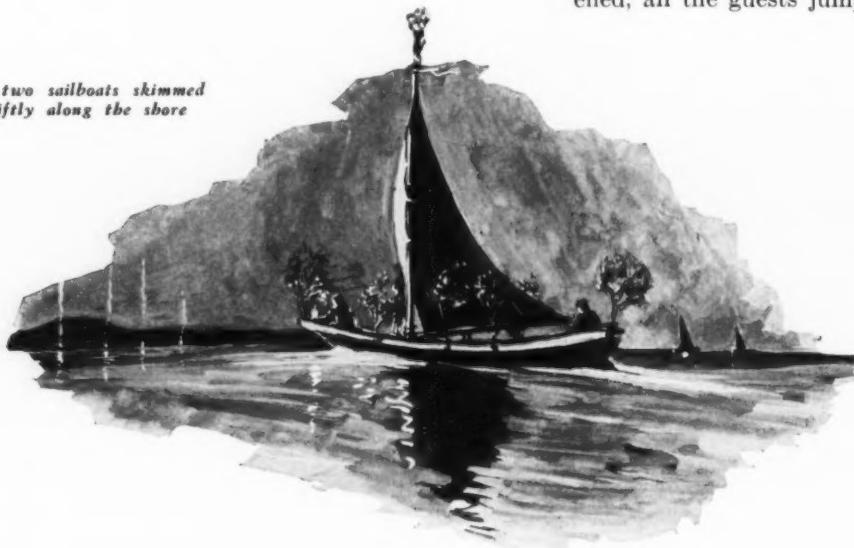
"No," Sirkku whispered back, "but we must go for them later, when the others are dancing and won't miss us."

Now Sirkku was sixteen and had long ago ceased to believe in the fairy stories which she told to Dikku; nevertheless, a little later she

ate heartily of roasted potatoes, black bread and fresh butter, and the enormous coffee pot made the rounds of the guests time and again. Some one had covered a derelict boat with pitch and set it afire; its flames burned high, lighting the shore and reflecting in the ocean the paler flames of the *kokko* fires and dozens of dancing, pick-nicking groups.

Finally the fires all along the beach and the off-shore islands began to die, and a faint light appeared in the east marking the end of Midsummer Eve and announcing the dawn of Midsummer Day. As the light brightened, all the guests jumped to their

The two sailboats skimmed swiftly along the shore



and her older city cousins slipped out of the great circle of guests weaving about the *kokko* fire in the informal figures of a folk dance, and made silently for the forest, to pick the flowers of happy dreams. They were bound by tradition to speak no word to anyone until they had gathered the white-fringed *paivankkara*, golden *kullero*, blue-eyed *lemmikki*, dainty *metsatahti* and *kannekka*. Fearing to be discovered while on this romantic quest and unmercifully teased by the boys and their elders, the girls tucked the flowers into their black bodices and hurried back to the dancing crowd. Hours after, when they were safely in bed, they would place the flowers beneath their pillows, and while they slept, the enchantment would begin; for on Midsummer Eve daisies, muskroses, forget-me-nots and wild orchids were said to weave a spell, bringing to Finnish girls happy dreams in which their future husbands were sure to be revealed.

After dancing about the fire, the guests sank exhausted around the glowing embers. With appetites kindled by exercise and fresh air, they

feet, save little Dikku, who was asleep in his sister's arms, and with eager ringing voices they joined in the surge of song which swept along the shore. It was the national hymn of praise for the return of light to Suomi.

The gleam of your sun has kept me from sleep
All through the nightless night;
Now sinking to slumber, I see in my dreams
The glories of God, the Creator of Light.
O country, whose rivers are ten times ten,
Your charms will endure in the hearts of men.

During the song, Dikku woke up enough to murmur sleepily to Sirkku, "And did the sun stay all night, sister? And will it stay some more? There were lace patterns on our door from the birch leaves and the flames of the *kokko* fire burned straight up to heaven like the spinners——" His voice trailed off into sleep again.

"Yes, Dikku dear," whispered his sister, "the sun stayed with us all night and now it will stay for the summer, just as the spinners said."

Florence Nightingale's First Patient

LESLIE G. CAMERON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,	aged about 11
PARTHENOPE NIGHTINGALE,	a year older
THE VICAR	
ROGER, the old shepherd	
ERIC	NELSON
NORMAN	BEATRICE
PETER	ALICE

TIME: About 1831.

SCENE: *The stage has two curtains. When the first is drawn it reveals only enough of the stage to allow a circle of children to play a game. No furnishings are necessary. The second curtain serves as a background to the first scene, and while it is not necessary, if the second curtain could be painted to represent an English landscape, the effectiveness of the scene would be enhanced.*

When the first curtain opens, downstage, left, is a circle of children playing "lady in the dungeon." Prominent in the circle are Florence and Parthenope Nightingale. Several dolls are carefully placed at a distance from the circle of players. The circle moves around a girl who is blindfolded, and all the children sing to the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush."

CHILDREN: A robber stole a lady fair, lady fair, lady fair,
A robber stole a lady fair and with her rode away.
He locked her in a dungeon dark;
She wept there night and day.
A fairy told the lady's prince,
"Go search o'er land and sea.
Here is a lantern you will need,
And the fairies' magic key."

A boy walks around the circle holding high a lantern. He tries the hands to see if he can get inside the ring, but finds them too tightly clasped. From his pocket he takes the fairy key. He pretends to turn the key at the back of each one in the circle, and as the key turns the child drops to the ground, breaking the handclasp.

CHILDREN: And when the prince the castle found
He could not enter in.
The magic key broke bars and locks
And every iron pin.

When the last child in the circle has dropped

to the ground, the boy approaches the blindfolded girl and she guesses his name. If she is wrong, the game must start again. But in this game the blindfolded girl guesses correctly.

BEATRICE: It's Norman! Norman!

CHILDREN: He gives the lantern to his bride,
To light her way outside.

(Norman takes the blindfold from Beatrice and hands her the lantern and key. Then he chooses Alice to be in the center.)

BEATRICE: Who'll I give the lantern and key to? Who wants to be the prince?

FLORENCE: Oh, I do. I want to carry the lantern.

ERIC: You can't. Girls don't carry lanterns and magic keys and let folks out of dungeons.

FLORENCE: I don't see why they can't. Oh, please let me.

PETER: Let her!

NELSON: It's only a game.

ALICE: Why can't she?

NORMAN: All right, Florence.

(Florence is given the lantern and key, and Alice is blindfolded. The circle begins to sing, and Florence, holding the lantern high, moves around the outside of the circle.)

PETER: (Pointing left) Oh, there comes the Vicar.

(The children break up the game and run to the clergyman.)

NELSON: We've been having a picnic.

BEATRICE: Florence brought her dolls.

PETER: She's getting too big to play dolls, isn't she?

(Florence and Parthenope run from group and pick up dolls.)

ERIC: Cap got hold of one of them and shook the stuffing out of her.

ALICE: Show the Vicar where you mended Susie Belle.

BEATRICE: All the stuffing came running out, and Parthie cried.

PARTHENOPE: Just a little, till Florence said she could mend it.

ALICE: Show the Vicar.

VICAR: Yes, Florence, in my young days I studied medicine, and I am always glad to see how a hurt person has been made well.

PARTHENOPE: Here's where Cap's teeth went through her arm.

VICAR: That's a very neat surgical operation, Florence. What did you do?

FLORENCE: Mother gave me some fresh sawdust and I poured it in, then sewed up the gash as carefully as I could.

PETER: (Pointing left) Look, what's the matter with Roger's sheep?

VICAR: He and the shepherd boy seem to be having trouble keeping the sheep together.

NORMAN: Roger's coming this way.

VICAR: The boy doesn't seem to have the dog. No wonder there's trouble.

NORMAN: Old Cap keeps the sheep in order. (Enter Roger, left.)

VICAR: What is the matter, Roger?

(Roger is an old, bent English shepherd in woolen smock. He speaks an English dialect, but not cockney. His bowed shoulders, seamed face, gnarled hands and burred speech do not hide his kind heart.)

FLORENCE: Where's Cap, Roger?

ROGER: The boys been throwing stones at him. His leg is broken. Poor beast, I shall have to take a bit of cord and put an end to his misery.

ALICE: How dreadful!

PARTHENOPE: Roger, don't.

FLORENCE: Are you sure his leg is broken, Roger?

ROGER: Yes, Miss. He hasn't set foot to the ground since he was hurted, and none can go a-nigh him but me. Best put him out of pain, I says.

FLORENCE: No, no! Not till we see him. Where is he?

ROGER: In the cottage, Missy. But you can't do nothing for him. Ah, he were a good dog.

VICAR: I will go and see him, Roger. Something may be done.

FLORENCE: Please let me go, too. Cap tore my doll's arm, but he didn't understand, and we are still good friends. He will want to see me, I am sure.

ROGER: (To Eric) Little Master, will you go to Smithers' cottage and ask for the key to my place. I had to leave Cap alone there, but water and food are nigh him if he feels to want them. (Exit Eric).

FLORENCE: Please take the dolls home, Parthie, and tell Mamma where I have gone.

PARTHENOPE: All right. And the rest of you come to see our fine new battledore and shuttlecock that arrived by post yesterday from London.

(The children exeunt right. Florence, Vicar and Roger exeunt left.

The second curtain opens, revealing a very

humble room in a shepherd's cottage. A fireplace with a shelf above it, a table and a chair are all the necessary furnishings. A crane in the fireplace would be appropriate, so that a small kettle of water could be swung over the fire, which is laid ready to light. If a crane is not possible a pan for heating water must be near at hand. A tinder-box is on the shelf, a smock hangs on the wall.

Enter Florence, the Vicar and Roger. Florence goes quickly to the dog and kneels beside him. If it is not possible to have a dog who will lie still through the act, a fur rug arranged on the floor and half-hidden by a clumsy, thick-legged table, may simulate the dog.)

FLORENCE: Poor Cap! Poor, hurt dog!

ROGER: Yes, poor Cap! I'll have to hang him, poor fellow.

FLORENCE: Roger, that is wicked. He has been a good friend to you.

ROGER: Yes, but he will never be any more use to me and I can't afford to keep him for nothing. I wish I could. He were as knowing almost as a human.

(Roger wipes his eyes on his smock sleeve. The Vicar stoops to feel the dog's leg.)

VICAR: It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a big dog like Cap, and I can find only a bad bruise.

FLORENCE: Oh, can you cure him? Roger will be so glad!

ROGER: Indeed I will, Missy. The sheep is all which-ways without him, and it has hurted me sore to think of easing him out of his misery.

VICAR: No bones are broken. Cap will soon be well.

FLORENCE: I am so glad. Now what can I do first to help him?

VICAR: A hot compress would be good.

FLORENCE: What is that?

VICAR: Just a cloth wrung out in boiling water and laid on the hurt foot. As fast as the cloth cools, it should be changed for a hot one.

FLORENCE: Then the first thing is to light the fire. (Florence strikes a light with the tinder box, starts a fire, places a pan on the fire, or swings the kettle over the blaze, then looks about the room for a cloth to use. She sees the smock.) I'll have to tear up this soft woolen for compresses, Roger. This is such an old smock you won't mind, will you?

ROGER: It be old, Missy, but it be my only one not on my back.

FLORENCE: Mamma will give you another, Roger. I know she will.

VICAR: The Squire's lady is very generous, Roger.

ROGER: She be, and it's little enough to give Cap my old smock. He do everything but speak, and he comes as nigh that as a dumb beast can.

(*Florence takes the smock, tears it into strips and wraps a compress around the dog's foot. Enter Eric.*)

ERIC: Come on, Florence. We are going to race on the downs. You're the fastest runner. You'll probably get the prize. Come on.

FLORENCE: Oh. I can't, Eric. This is stopping Cap's pain. I must stay and look after him.

ERIC: Is his leg broken?

FLORENCE: No.

ERIC: That is jolly fine. Then come out with us.

FLORENCE: No. Roger must go back to the sheep. I know the Vicar has calls to make, so this is my work. I'll race tomorrow.

ERIC: All right, then. (*Exit Eric.*)

VICAR: You are a good little nurse, Florence. In a day or two Cap will be out again with the sheep.

ROGER: I be greatly obliged to you, Miss, and to the Vicar for what you be doing. If it hadn't been for you, I would have hanged Cap, and my

heart would have been sore for many a day.

(*Florence on her way from the fireplace to the dog with a fresh compress stops and speaks to the Vicar and Roger.*)

FLORENCE: I think to stop pain is the loveliest thing in the world to do.

VICAR: It is indeed, my child.

ROGER: Aye, to stop pain in beast or man—that be working for God.

FLORENCE: (*Looking far off as if she would see into the future.*) I wish it might be—my work.

If possible darken the stage a moment. When the lights go up, in place of the Vicar, Roger and the dog, let Florence in the uniform of Nurse Florence Nightingale of the Crimean War be standing beside a wounded soldier, one hand on his bandaged head, the other holding a lamp. The soldier's arm could be around a dog with a bandaged leg.

If lights cannot be used, after Florence speaks looking off into the distance, let her and the Vicar and Roger stand immovable while a woman in uniform holding a lamp helps a crippled soldier limp across the stage from entrance right to exit left, with a bandaged dog following.

CURTAIN

A Romance Carved in Ivory

(Continued from page 173)

the land because he had kept silent in his pride at the Castle of the Grail, and had asked no questions when he saw the bleeding lance and the shining grail pass by. If he had asked what these things meant, the king, who had lain sore wounded on his bed for many years, would have been healed forthwith and would have held his lands in peace. But now, said she: "There will be grievous wars, ladies will lose their husbands, and many a good knight will perish, and all their sorrows will come of thee." And the king, whom he might have healed, must suffer, for he might neither die nor be healed in any other fashion.

So greatly was Perceval grieved at these tidings that he fell into despair and rode forth recklessly, caring not what he did. He overthrew many a good knight, but these deeds availed him nothing. And as he had remembered one of Gonemans' teachings too well, so now he forgot another, and in five years he went near no church nor forest chapel nor thought of God.

At last one spring day he met with a band of penitents in a waste country, who chided him for riding armed. And when he asked the rea-

son they answered him: "Fair Sir, this is the Friday on which Christ died, and on this day 'tis a sin for a Christian to carry arms wherewith to slay his neighbor." Then Perceval remembered suddenly his mother's teachings and those of Gonemans, and wept bitterly. And the penitents showed him the way to a holy hermit in the wood nearby, who reasoned with him and pointed out his evil doings. The holy man told him that the beginning of all his trouble was that he had caused his mother's death by his own selfishness. Then the holy man absolved Perceval and bade him go forth without despair and live humbly so that he might undo the evil he had caused.

No further did the poet tell his tale of Perceval, for he left it unfinished, though afterward many finished it in different ways. So it is left for anyone to fancy, as seems most fitting, how he came to the Castle of the Grail again and asked the questions which should heal the wounded king, and then, having fulfilled his penance, was free to return to the fair lady, Blanchefleur, whom he loved.

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*My sign belongs to you—and you—
Wherever you may be;
And all the things it means to you
It means to other children too—
And joins us all, as Juniors true,
Across the deepest sea.*

—JEAN A. MACCALLUM, "Sunshine Helpers," New Brunswick, Canada.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND THE RED CROSS

MAY 12 is Florence Nightingale's birthday. We are giving you the little play founded on an actual fact of her childhood in this number so you will have plenty of time to get it ready if you want to present it on that day. Many otherwise well-informed people still think that it was Florence Nightingale who started the world's Red Cross. She did lay the foundation for modern nursing and was the first to take trained women to help men wounded in battle, but she did not found the Red Cross. She must, though, have been a great inspiration to Henri Dunant, the real founder. Dunant, as you will remember, got his great idea when he saw the frightful suffering of those wounded in the battle of Solferino in 1859. He did not rest until he had started an international Red Cross organization. That story was told in the News for last May. In the April number was the story of how Clara Barton at last got the United States to form the American Red Cross and join the international organization fifty years ago.

"FISH OF APRIL"

THE tricks played on April Fool's Day are called in Italy "Fish of April." It is not certain just how this name came to be given them.

Some writers thought that this custom was introduced at the end of the sixteenth century when the beginning of the year was changed from April to January. After this, gifts were exchanged on January first instead of on April first. Those who refused to recognize the change in the calendar suffered at the hands of their friends who played tricks on them on April first which they continued to celebrate.

Still others believe that the term "Fish of April" originated from the fact that the sun leaves the zodiacal sign of the fish (Pisces) in April so that the ancients called this constellation "Fish of April."

Another possible origin of the term lies in the story of the escape, on April first, of a nobleman, who had been kept prisoner by Louis XIII in the castle of Nancy. He swam across a river which made the people say that they had imprisoned a fish.

—From the Italian Junior Red Cross Magazine.

MOTTO FOR A DOG HOUSE

I love this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.

—From "Poems of Arthur Guiterman,"
Little, Brown & Co.

END PAPERS FOR ALBUMS

IN ITS album to a school in Poland, the M. R. Trace School of San Jose, California, sends this good idea for making fancy papers to line covers of international correspondence albums:

MATERIALS: Shallow pans—12" x 14"
Gasoline or coal oil for thinner
Paint—house paint (oil)—red,
blue, yellow

Fill the pans three-quarters full of water. Drop in a few drops of thinned paint, about a half teaspoonful of each color. It will stay on top of water. Then with a stick stir the paint until you can see the marbled effect. Have your paper ready. We used colored paper, and unprinted news. Drop your paper down on the surface of the water. Lift it and allow to dry. You will be so pleased with the results. We used it for trays, book covers, blotters, and for other decorations.

Insect Helpers

L. O. HOWARD

THE farmers and fruit growers and the people interested in public health tell us that insects are unmitigated nuisances: That they eat our crops; that they carry diseases to plants and animals—even to human beings; that they destroy our flower gardens, our shade and ornamental trees and our forests; that they eat our stored food supplies, our clothing, furs, carpets and rugs, and that therefore they should be fought as vigorously as wild beasts and poisonous reptiles. It is true that in spite of their small size, taken as a whole, insects are undoubtedly the worst enemies and rivals of man on this globe; but among them man has certain valuable friends.

We think at once that our honey comes from the honey bee; that our silk clothes come from the silkworm. And there we are apt to stop. But there are other ways in which certain insects are useful.

Many plants, some of great food value, would not fruit were it not that certain insects carry the pollen from one flower to another. The soil would not be so fertile were it not for the underground insects that are constantly stirring it up just as the angle-worms do. Moreover, honey is not the only food we get from insects. Insects themselves are eaten. The insects that live in the water form the principal food of the great bulk of our food fishes, and land insects are eaten, not only by domestic fowls, but by human beings in many parts of the world. In

fact, in the event of a world famine, there is no doubt that we could live upon insects if we were obliged to make up our minds to do so.

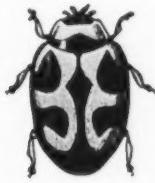
Then there are the commercial products such as stick lac and the beautiful red cochineal dye which are derived from insects and the old-fashioned ink made from certain insect galls. We find that insects have even invaded the great field of medicine, for there is a beetle which is used in making poultices to raise blisters and hence has earned the name of blister beetle.

There is no doubt in the world that insects are the most important scavengers that we have. They destroy the carcasses of dead animals; they eat fallen trees and hasten their decomposition; they feed upon almost everything that has been living.

Then, too, we must not forget their great assistance in keeping down weeds. Lots of weeds do not get a chance to bother us because they are eaten by their insect enemies which thus become our friends. For instance, large areas of pasture land in Australia are at present being saved by a mealy-bug. Many years ago the prickly pear was introduced into Australia as an ornamental garden plant. It liked its new home, multiplied enormously and became a pest by spreading rapidly through pasture lands until it covered thousands of square miles, forming an almost impenetrable jungle. Great cattle ranges were thus destroyed. All the things that the Australian farmers tried to do to eradicate this weed proved unsatisfactory. Finally their government sent experts to different parts of the world to find something in the way of a disease or an insect that would destroy the prickly



A parasite of the gypsy moth



The Australian ladybird beetle, enemy of the fluted scale



The parasite of the mulberry scale laying its eggs



An imported parasite of the European corn borer



A parasite of the Japanese beetle



The Smyrna fig wasp

pear. In the course of their travels and investigations they found several kinds of insects in the southwestern United States which live upon prickly pears, and sent them in large numbers to Australia. Of these a mealy-bug was particularly quick to adapt itself to Australian conditions, multiplied rapidly and obligingly attacked the prickly pears, sucking their juices as it had done in America. And so, thanks to this insect ally from another land, the Australian farmers are beginning to be happy again.

A striking instance of how insects help plants to fruit is the service performed by the so-called fig wasp in the production of Smyrna figs—the most edible and valuable figs of commerce. The fig wasp is not a real wasp but a minute insect distantly related to the wasps. It lives in the flower receptacles of the male figs and, under certain conditions, enters the flower receptacles of the female figs fertilizing them with the pollen from the male figs with which its body is covered. The figs then ripen and produce quantities of seed. In Smyrna, the male figs containing these insects are collected and carried to the female trees so that when the insects emerge they are in the best position to perform their work. Twenty-five years ago or more some of these insects were brought to America and set free near Fresno, California, where large orchards of both kinds of fig trees had been planted. These assisted immigrants seemed to like California. They multiplied and brought about the establishment of a new industry, the production of Smyrna figs in America. Again an insect had proved an international friend.

Our very greatest friends among the insects, however, are those which destroy the injurious ones. In spite of the fact that many injurious insects die from accident or from overcrowding or are killed by birds and toads and other creatures, they would literally possess the earth if it were not for the thousands upon thousands of other species of insects that live upon them. There are several groups of beetles that have this habit. And there are several very large groups of four-winged creatures known as Ichneumon flies, Chalcis flies and the like, nearly all of which lay their eggs in caterpillars and other injurious insects, after first paralyzing them by stinging. The ungrateful guests that hatch out of these eggs proceed to eat their hosts and thus destroy them. Other groups of two-winged flies somewhat resembling the common house fly in appearance do the same thing. In fact a counting of the different kinds of insects that live in this way would give surprising results. This habit of one insect's feeding on another constitutes the most important element in the natural control of injurious insects.

The entomologists have been studying these parasitic and predatory insects and in a number of cases have found that their services may be

used in a practical way. It often happens that an injurious insect is carried accidentally to a strange country in the course of commerce and multiplies there in such enormous numbers as to do great damage to certain crops. Now, in its native home the insect is usually kept from multiplying to a dangerous degree by others that feed upon it. Therefore to combat it in the new



And I ride home from the party on a big horse-chestnut's back

In Treeland

ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

Decoration by Enid Hoeglund

I RUN away to treeland
When I hear the fairies sing,
And dance in ladies' slippers
While the little bluebells ring.

I wear a dress of queen's lace,
With a feather fern for plume.
And elf-boys sweep the ballroom
With a bunch of golden broom.

The crickets wait upon us
In their shiny suits of black,
And I ride home from the party
On a big horse-chestnut's back.

land it seems sensible to send experts to the home country to bring back these parasites.

That is just what the Department of Agriculture at Washington did in the 1880's when an insect known as the white scale was overwhelming the orange and lemon groves in southern California. When it was discovered that this insect came originally from Australia, an expert named Koebele was sent there to find its insect enemies. He discovered the worst one to be a little red and black ladybird beetle, and he sent large numbers of this insect to California. The little beetles multiplied rapidly and were liberated into one orange and lemon orchard after another. Before the year was past, it was difficult to find a living white scale in southern California.

The Australian ladybird has been sent to the rescue in other countries where the scale has been introduced with the importation of infested plants as it was introduced into the United States. In every case the little predatory beetle has done its work perfectly. Some people think that in introducing a parasite there is always the danger that it will attack something besides the plant or insect intended for it and thus do damage. But this ladybird beetle is satisfied with a diet confined to the scales and thus is a safe proposition.

This was the first instance of the perfectly successful introduction of an insect enemy of an injurious species from one country to another. Since that time similar things have been tried by many countries against many different kinds of insects. Although there have been failures, there have also been successes. It is safe to say, for example, that Hawaii saved her great sugar-cane industry from enormous loss from leafhoppers and cane-borers by introducing parasites from Malaya.

Another extraordinary case was that of a scale insect introduced from somewhere (no one knows exactly where) into Italy where it attacked the mulberry tree. Upon the mulberry trees depends the whole silk industry of Italy—one of her greatest industries—for the silkworm feeds upon mulberry leaves. The silk growers were greatly alarmed. For a time nothing availed against the insect. Then United States government entomologists noticed that the same scale insect occurred on mulberry trees in Washington but that it did little damage. They sent some infested twigs from those trees over to Italy, and Professor Antonio Berlese at Florence reared from them a minute parasite, a little four-winged speck, so small as to be almost invisible. This was the parasite that had

kept the scale from damaging the trees in Washington! In the course of a few years this little creature multiplied in Italy so greatly that the danger from the scale virtually disappeared.

The gipsy moth and the brown-tail moth which were brought into this country from Europe and greatly damaged the forests and shade trees of New England a number of years ago are now kept in hand by parasites from their native lands imported by our government. Only occasionally is there an outbreak of these pests.

Just at present the United States is becoming alarmed about two more imported pests, the European corn-borer and the Japanese beetle. Both insects are spreading year by year. Should the corn-borer get into our great corn belt, the damage it will do must be computed in the millions, since the corn crop is our biggest crop and is worth two billion dollars a year. The Japanese beetle damages fruits and eats peaches and pears and grapes. Its grub, working underground, eats the roots of grass. The government is importing parasites of the European corn-borer from Europe and of the Japanese beetle from Japan, China and India. It is hoped that these beneficial insects will be of much assistance to the farmer and fruit-grower, although we do not expect them to eradicate the pests completely. We do not look for results comparable to those accomplished by the Australian ladybird in California or by the sugar-cane enemy parasites from Australasian regions.

It is impossible to predict with any certainty what a given parasite will do when it is brought into a strange country. Where there is plenty of food for its young we naturally expect that it will thrive and multiply. But it is by no means the simple matter it seems to be. It is, in fact, a most complicated problem. Even parasitic insects have their own parasites, and predatory forms that eat injurious insects are themselves eaten by other insects. For this reason many parasitic introductions have failed. Sometimes imported parasites have been extremely slow in accommodating themselves to the weather conditions in different parts of the United States. In some cases we have lost sight of them for many years and have considered the experiments absolute failures, only to have them turn up some summer in force.

So much is to be gained by the successful introduction of parasites of injurious insects that, despite the difficulties, the Department of Agriculture at Washington has experts in several parts of the world at the present time, searching for insects of this kind, to be sent to the United States to help the farmers and fruitgrowers.



ESTONIAN J. R. C. MAGAZINE

Our Own Verse

MY FRIEND, MR. TONGUE

My friend, Mr. Tongue, he lives in my mouth
As red as a rose, as warm as the South.
He has not a foot, but how quickly he goes,
My friend, Mr. Tongue, as red as a rose.

RAYMOND ROWLES,
Grade 7, Scienceville Grade School,
Youngstown, Ohio.

WHITE SAILS

The water is calm,
The day is fair,
Our white-sailed boat,
Glides here and there.

On our right-hand side,
A tug goes jerkily by,
While our boat sails smoothly,
Like an eagle in the sky.

I would not trade,
For a ten-dollar note,
Our little white-sailed sailer
For a big motor boat.

JOE WILLIAMS,
Grade 6A, West Springfield School,
Jacksonville, Florida.

SNOWFLAKES

See the pretty snowflakes falling from the sky
They're floating towards the earth,
That's where they want to lie.
They make a lovely scenery when all the ground
is white
And the moon that is so beautiful
Shines down on them at night.

VIRGINIA COX,
Grade 4, Foxon School,
East Haven, Connecticut.

RAIN DROPS

When rain drops fall,
It seems as if they were tears of God,
God weeping over the people of the street.
But the people put umbrellas over their heads.

JENNIE ROSSA,
Grade 5A, William H. Brett School,
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK

When I win a game the clock looks happy,
sounding
"Win! Win! Win!"

When I lose a game the clock looks sad—
"Lost! Lost! Lost!"

When I wonder whether I should help myself to
My mother's candies on the shelf—
The clock seems to say—
"Don't! Don't! Don't!"

"May I have candies? Thank you, mother!"
When I have them with permission,
The same old clock says,
"Take! Take! Take!"

YOSHIE YOKOYAMA,
Girl, Grade 5, Tsubonouchi School,
Hiroshima Prefecture, Japan.

CLOUDS

When clouds in the air
Go tumbling by,
They bump their little heads,
And then begin to cry.

Down come their little tears,
In great big drops of rain,
Dancing on the flowers,
And dashing on the pane.

Sometimes like flocks of birds,
Or white sheep on a hill,
The clouds go floating by;
But sometimes they are still.

BILLIE JEAN F.,
Grade 4, Decatur, Illinois.

THE LITTLE MOUSE

There was a little mouse.
He had a little house,
And all he ate was milk and cheese.
But he never said, "please."
And he never brushed his teeth.

RAYMOND HEGSTAD,
Grade 2A, Cobb-Cook School,
Hibbing, Minnesota.



Little Legionnaires giving a puppet show

Your Money Multiplied



*Students of the A. V. S.
setting out fruit trees*

flood, of nation-wide droughts and of hurricanes in Florida and Porto Rico; keeping up the school started in far away Albania more than ten years ago; lending a hand with the work of Junior groups here and there over Europe.

There is a principle for the use of the Fund. It is this: money from it is given where and when it is needed to help other Junior organizations over tough places in the road. In many, many places, where sums have been allotted from it, Juniors are now carrying on without any outside help. In many others, the small sum from the Fund is just a little starter for much bigger things. And so, you see, through the years your money is being multiplied over and over again.

THE National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross is thirteen years old this spring. It began its work before many of today's Juniors were even born. Year after year it has been at work at home and abroad — helping victims of great disasters like the Mississippi

Take, for example, the "Little Legionnaires" of Prague. Soon after the World War, money from the National Children's Fund paid for a modest clubhouse where children in a poor section of the city could meet and read and play and have entertainments. As conditions grew better, no more money from your Fund was needed for this clubhouse and the Little Legionnaires began to undertake service projects of their own. One time, for example, when a lot of Juniors from Austria came on an excursion to Prague, the clubhouse was filled with cots and arrangements were made to take care of the young visitors comfortably. Some five years ago, the Red Cross of Czechoslovakia decided that it would be a fine thing if there should be a playground near the clubhouse, which would serve not only the Little Legionnaires but other children nearby. There was not enough money for the playground, so the National Children's Fund gave \$500; and right now, this very day, children whose living conditions are not of the best are having a good time with apparatus and on a playground partly furnished by friends in America. Better still, year after year, that gift of yours will continue to be fruitful.

While children in Prague are enjoying that playground, other children in Poland are getting a great deal of pleasure in the reading and recreation rooms Juniors of that country have been able to keep going in several places. Money from your Fund helped start these, too, and

there, too, it is being multiplied by the Poles.

Here is a report showing what you helped to do for children in Latvia last summer. The summer colony at Asari was started by the Latvian Red Cross and has now been turned over to the Juniors of the country who will keep it going, you may be very sure. It is something to be proud of that your Fund had a share:

"Close to the capital of Latvia is the beautiful summer resort, Riga Strand. Most of the well-to-do citizens spend their summer vacations there. The needy part of the population cannot afford to live at the Riga Strand, but several charity organizations and the City Council organize summer colonies for poor children needing fresh air and better nutrition.

"The Latvian Junior Red Cross opened last summer the Asari Children's Colony for poor and undernourished children. The orphans of war veterans and others were admitted to the colony.

"As the number of children who wanted to rest at our colony was very big, we could accept them only in two groups, for five weeks each, and we had still to refuse a large number even of those who badly needed the fresh air. Sixty-three children, boys and girls, were taken each time.

"The children had to rise at 7:30 in the morning and then they ran to the sea (quite close) and bathed and played there on sunny days till dinner time. The dinner of two dishes was served at 12:30. After dinner all children had to sleep until 3 p. m., outdoors on fine days, on rainy days indoors with windows open. At 4 p. m. they received milk, bread and butter and after that they went for a walk. Most of all they liked to stay in the neighboring woods picking berries, mushrooms and flowers. Excursions to more distant places were arranged for bigger children.

"Supper was at seven and afterwards the children could stay outdoors until bedtime, at nine.

"The events of the day were written by the children in a special diary.

"When the groups had to leave the colony garden parties with entertainments, decoration of reception rooms and plays were arranged. The rooms were decorated with Junior Red Cross flags and garlands. Prizes were distributed to the winners in sports and to the best artists.

"All the children gained much in weight and health and left the colony hoping to come again next summer. The treatment of the Junior Red Cross Colony has been a blessing to many."

Many times over, you have heard of the Albanian Vocational School started by the Fund

in 1921 and proving more and more of a boon to Albania as more and more young men go out into the country trained in knowledge of farming, shop work and teaching. There your dollars are sharing in building a nation. All sorts of constructive things are undertaken by the boys in the school.

Two or three years ago the school started planting trees in various places around Tirana, their capital city. Last November the Ministry of Education took up the idea and issued a general order to all schools in Albania making the week of November twenty-eight Tree Planting Week for the country. The boys in the school cooperated, of course. Mehmet Shehu gave an account of his share in *Laboremus*, the school paper:

"By permission of the Ministry of Economics I got on the fifth of December from the state Nursery at Tirana fifty apple trees, forty-five peach trees, twenty-five apricots and thirty-seven plums. I tied each kind in separate bundles and put sacks about their roots. I transported them by auto to Valona.

"From there I took the trees on another truck to near my home. Then I took them home on horseback because there is no highroad into my village.

"The next day my cousin and I laid off the orchard for triangular planting. Then we opened planting holes one meter wide and one deep.

"I advised my cousin that in June he hoe in dirt, mulching loosely around the trees so that less moisture would evaporate. Many of my friends begged me for trees. I gave them some and showed them how to plant and care for them. First they thanked the school, which they were surprised to find was a place where students are taught to work, and then they thanked me for the teaching which came of my work experience in the school."

These are only a few examples of what your Fund is doing. In the October News there was a full account of the things for which it is being used. This month the Junior delegation will come to Washington for its share in the big Annual Convention of the American Red Cross. Representatives of Junior groups from all over the nation will come. There is a place on the program for these delegates to hand in the contributions made to the National Children's Fund by the groups they represent. How grand it would be if every delegate came with a check from his Junior group in his pocket to hand in then so as to keep that Fund going on and multiplying itself as it has been doing for all these years.



Patients in the hospital which Canadian Juniors support at Calgary, Alberta

Friends over the Border

ONE year Canadian Juniors sent small boxes of delicious maple sugar to Junior groups and school correspondents in other countries. This account of the beginning of maple sugar making in Canada went in an album from a school in Nova Scotia to a school in Porto Rico:

"The making of maple sugar was almost the first industry to be developed in Canada. We do not know at just what time the Indians discovered that the sweet sap from maple trees could be boiled into sugar, but we know it was long before the white man ever set foot on the continent of America.

"Great maple forests skirting the shores of Lake Superior and Lake Huron yield an annual harvest of maple sap. The military records made in 1797 describe the visit of Ensign Livingstone, a British officer, to an Indian sugar camp on the north shore of Lake Huron. Livingstone was attached to the military camp at Fort St. Joseph, at the mouth of the St. Mary's River. He was sent with two aides in the early spring to purchase the output of one of the largest Indian sugar camps on the shore. When he arrived he was almost exhausted by the long tramp through the deep forests. He found the camp a busy place for the Indians were making preparations for the sugar making.

"Chief Black Dog received Mr. Livingstone with much cordiality. The chief explained to the white man that the crescent of the sweet-water moon had appeared in the sky. This was a sign that the sap was ready to run. Before starting the sugar making the Indians had the

sweet-water dance, which was a religious affair as well as a social festival. Black Dog explained that the dance was a way of begging the Great Spirit to make the sap flow abundantly and make the sugar making a success.

"The squaws did the work. They tapped the trees with stone axes, then they drove trough-like sticks into the holes in the trees. Some of the sap buckets were made from birch bark, while some were troughs dug out of blocks of wood.

"Ensign Livingstone had a drink of the sap and he was curious to know how such thin watery stuff could be changed into hard blocks of sugar. The chief led him to where the squaws were making it. They gathered the sap, and poured it into a large wooden trough made from the trunk of a tree. The Englishmen gasped with astonishment when they saw the method of boiling the sap. Stones heated red hot were placed in the troughs of sap. The squaws stirred them around and around with sticks for several minutes, then changed them for hotter stones. It seemed to be hard work but the women kept the sap boiling and got the desired results.

"One old squaw was making sweetmeat cakes which were the most important in the sweet-water festival. She pounded some Indian corn into a fine flour, mixed it with other things to flavor it, and then stirred it into the syrup. Then she poured it into molds made in large blocks of wood. She naturally felt very pleased when she saw how the white men liked her cakes. Ensign Livingstone said in writing home

to a friend 'They are the most delicious confectionery that can be got on the frontier.'

"As soon as it became dark that evening the sweet-water dance began. The English soldiers were much interested. A bonfire was lighted as a signal to begin the dance. Then two or three medicine men appeared. Their faces were painted and their hair stood up straight from their heads, making them look very hideous. They began pounding on wooden drums and chanting in a weird monotonous strain. Then all the dancers appeared from the woods. They danced around the fire, shouting and yelling, making a terrible noise. Mr. Livingstone couldn't believe that they were the same quiet Indians of the afternoon. The dance stopped at twelve o'clock. Then they had a feast. The Indians had a large crop of sugar that year. They traded it to the military at Fort St. Joseph.

"Maple sugar was a great asset to the pioneers as it was the only sugar they had. They preserved all their wild berries in maple syrup. With the passing of the early pioneer stage, the sugar itself has become less of a commodity and the most popular form of the product of the maple is syrup, the manufacture of which has reached a high state of excellence and is still one of Canada's many sources of wealth."

There are thousands of children in Canada who have reason to bless the Junior Red Cross for what it has done for their health. Ever since it started, the Canadian organization has helped children whose parents could not afford treatments at dental and other clinics, has paid for treatment of crippled and otherwise disabled children. At Calgary, in Alberta, and at Regina, in Saskatchewan, the J. R. C. even maintains small hospitals for crippled children. Some of the patients come from remote parts of these provinces and Juniors pay the railroad fares and visiting committees bring them scrapbooks and toys to keep them amused while they are in the hospital. Often they go home with new outfits supplied by the Juniors. Sometimes groups of crippled children form J. R. C. bands of their own. One of these is at Wellesley School, in Toronto. They wrote to a school in Utica, New York:

Our Orthopedic Classes for Cripples are very new. Exactly half our members were unable to attend any school until these classes opened last April. Making portfolios is new work for us, but we hope to improve with practice.

Long before the Orthopedic Classes were opened, the visiting teachers came to the homes of the disabled children. These teachers came twice a week and taught the children quite well, only each child would have liked her to come every day and stay a whole day, instead of one hour. This work lasted until the school was opened. When the day came that the Orthopedic Classes were opened it was a thrill to every girl and boy who was to attend this lovely school.

Of course they had no way of getting to the school. It was arranged by the members of the Board of Education to get three buses to take the children to school every morning and bring them home in the afternoon. These buses were from the Toronto Transportation Commission.

After collecting all the pupils, the buses arrived at the school. One of the trustees, who takes great interest in us, our teachers and our matron, was there to welcome us. Men with cameras came and took pictures of the children in the wheel chairs and at their desks. The parents were invited to see the school and they were really delighted with all the comforts that were provided for the children.

On the outskirts of the city of St. John, New Brunswick, is the "Milk Drinkers" School on Sandy Point Road. In its album to the Vine Hill School at Santa Rosa, California, they told about their Junior work:

In New Brunswick there are 442 Red Cross Branches, with 12,001 Juniors belonging.

We have Red Cross posters, calendars, and health rules hanging on our school-room walls. We also have a First Aid cabinet which contains supplies in case of getting hurt at school.

We each have a drinking cup and every day we take turns in getting a pail of water. At recess in the morning we heat a pan of water so those who stay at lunch may wash their hands.

Our Branch sings a Red Cross song every day and we try in all ways to connect Red Cross with our school work.



A bushy young Canadian from the "Milk Drinkers" Sandy Point Road, New Brunswick



The Raymond School of Washington, D. C., celebrated Pan American Day on April 14 last year with a pageant

Juniors at Home and Abroad

IN Jefferson County, Alabama, members of the Junior Red Cross have had splendid gardens at school, and some even have planted them at home. One group of Juniors who could not find a garden plot that was large enough to satisfy them got two old couples who could not do their own gardening to lend them their plots. The Juniors then made beautiful gardens on these plots and grew all the vegetables that were needed by the old people. Besides they had enough for several others in the block who needed food. Vegetables from the gardens were used for free lunches in the schools and were sent to families in the communities where vegetables were needed.

LABOREMUS, the magazine of the Albanian Vocational School, printed this note recently:

Yesterday was the American Thanksgiving. I asked a fellow student what in general our school had to be thankful for. His answer was, "Although America is hard hit by the general world depression, the American Juniors are continuing to share in the upkeep of our school. No doubt in former times what they did for us meant much of self-denial, but now it must, in many instances, mean self-sacrifice. So must we be of their spirit at the Christmastide in our school Junior Red Cross Branch donations to our Albanian brothers and sisters who in like degree are in worse circumstances than we are."

We take part in this work through our contributions to the National Children's Fund. Another thing the Fund does is to pay for the shipping of the Christmas Boxes. Some of these always go to Albania. Dhimo V. Malo tells in *Laboremus* how he and two other A. V. S. boys distributed them last Christmas:

Early in the morning of January second, Nikolla De-

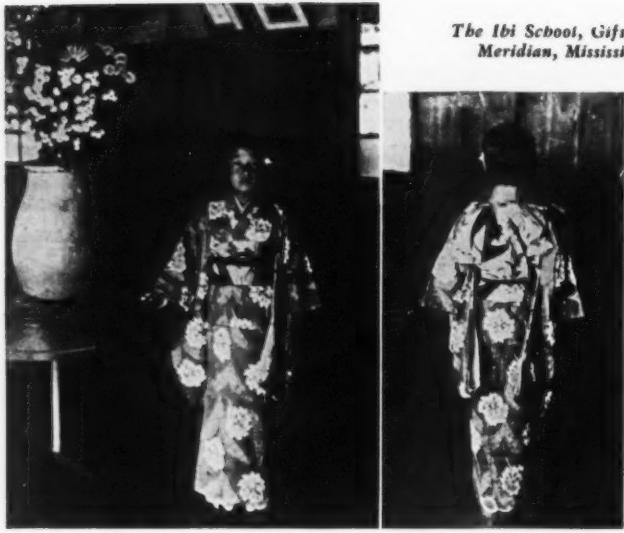
liana, Zef Prenk and I made preparation for a trip to Kalmet to distribute to the poor children there fifty Christmas boxes which had been sent to our school by the Juniors of America. We started from Tirana at seven-thirty in the morning by truck and after several delays due to troubles with the differential we arrived at Lesh at two-thirty in the afternoon.

Kalmet is in mountains north of Lesh, and cannot be reached by auto. After a ten minutes search in the market of Lesh, we found a pack-horse driver and arranged to pay him seventy-five cents to carry our load. We started on foot to Kalmet. It was raining, and the road was muddy. After a tiresome three hours' walk we reached the village at nightfall.

We went to the village church where two Sisters of Charity lived to whom we had a letter from our school nurse, Miss Elena Trajan. They welcomed us to their sitting room and were very kind to us. We enjoyed the nice supper they set for us and the comfortable room where we were lodged.

After Mass the next morning we asked the parents to send their children to the school yard to get the presents sent to them by the Juniors. Within fifteen minutes all the children were running towards the school gaily shouting, "*Rrofshin! Rrofshin!* Hurrah! Hurrah!" They lined up in twos and waited anxiously for the gifts. Before distributing the boxes we explained to them the origin and purpose of the Junior Red Cross. They were surprised when they heard that these boxes were sent from America, a land across the ocean. Then we gave each two one box and left it to the pair to divide. By their exclamations we were aware of how odd the toys appeared to them. Meanwhile pictures were taken and every child was so joyful and cheerful that he heartily shouted again and again, "*Rrofshin Amerikanët!* Long live the Americans!"

JUNIORS of Beauregard School, New Orleans, Louisiana, have been corresponding for about a year with the Maple Leaf Juniors of East Royalty School on Prince Edward Island, Canada.



The Ibi School, Gifu Prefecture, Japan, sent this costume to Tuxedo School, Meridian, Mississippi, with photographs showing how it should be worn

Recently they sent their Canadian friends a favorite story book of theirs. It is written about New Orleans by a Canadian lady.

JUNIORS of Meridian, Mississippi, sent a pretty and inexpensive school outfit for a twelve-year-old girl which they had made to Ibi School, Japan. In exchange the Japanese Juniors sent them the costume shown above.

A JUNIOR from the Upper Elementary School, Mirosov Czechoslovakia, tells how her school made a garden:

Round our school there is a big garden. Only a year or two ago, when I attended the elementary school, this spot was a bare field. Now it is occupied by a beautiful school building with a garden round it. To make this garden cost a great deal of labor and effort. The result, however, is splendid, and we Red Cross Juniors also had some part in this success. As soon as spring comes, and before the garden paths are dry, every flower is carefully guarded and every bud welcomed. Last autumn we planted fresh trees there. Each pupil dug the hole for his own tree, and in the holes we planted the trees, after trimming their roots. On filling in the holes we put in a stick beside each tree to give it firm support. It is a joy to us to contemplate that garden. At school we subscribe for several magazines. We always look forward to each new number of *Lipa*, which brings us news of how the Junior Red Cross elsewhere is working.

THE J. R. C. of Gibbs School, Knoxville, Tennessee, has been helping a family of eight with food. The children of the family go to one of the other schools in Knoxville. In the same city Corryton School is furnishing food and clothing in a home where there is serious illness, Park Lowry, Boyd Junior and Fairgarden schools

all have clothes closets to which pupils bring clothes that cannot be used at home, and Boyd Junior School is sharing clothes that are too small for the pupils there with Beaumont and Moses Schools.

TO be an accredited school in Tennessee, a junior high school must have a library of at least 125 volumes. The people of Ironsburg, way up in the mountains of Tennessee, built a new junior high school last year; but they were in the drought area, and that was all they could do; they simply could not buy books for a library, too. A Red Cross field worker heard of the needs of this school, and wrote in to Headquarters suggesting that perhaps some Junior Chapter could help out. One month and four days later a library of four hundred volumes was on its way to the Ironsburg school from the Abbott Vocational School of Washington, D. C., which was replacing them in its own library with new books. Each copy bore a bookplate stating that it was the gift of the Junior Red Cross.

WHEN a generous man gave the Red Cross of Perry County, Ohio, a bushel of wheat, the Juniors offered to grind it into cereal. They borrowed a wheat krinkler and went in groups to the Chapter office and ground the wheat until it was ready to be used as food.

PAPERS published by the pupils of the large schools often carry items about the work of their Junior groups and some of them have special issues in which they feature the J. R. C. The *Public School Courier*, of the Mobile, Alabama, schools, put out a Red Cross issue of ten newspaper-size pages. Nearly half of it was devoted to stories, compositions and poems on the Red Cross, written by the pupils. There was also a cartoon on the work of the Red Cross. The *Children's News*, *School Echoes* and *Our School*, magazines of three different public schools of New York City, all have featured articles and editorials on the J. R. C.

MEMBERS in the schools of Syracuse, New York, keep up many of their J. R. C. activities during the summer vacation. One of the schools kept its swimming pool open all summer. Eight hundred children went there to learn to

swim, and a large number also took the Red Cross Life Saving course. The Red Cross also worked with the city parks to teach swimming in the park pools. Juniors going to the school playgrounds during the summer made Fourth of July favors, writing boards, joke books and decorated flower holders for men in the veterans' hospitals and rag dolls for children. The Wacode Club gave the blind children several treats during the summer.

THIS letter from the Summer Place School, Newark, New Jersey, tells the Juniors of the Ecole Simumiale, Virton, Belgium, of one of their interesting annual events:

This is the eleventh year of the celebration of Boys' Week. It extends from April twenty-fifth to May second.

At this time each boy receives a Boys' Week Button.

During this week the boys are allowed to do so many things. A boy is to serve as mayor of our city for one day. That is the highest position anyone can take in a city.

Boys take charge of the lessons in school. They have great fun in doing this work. The children act very well for them, too.

Teddy Comstock and John Kurnan are to give us a surprise entertainment on Thursday afternoon. Two boys give another entertainment on Wednesday afternoon.

Saturday morning we are to have a parade. Two of the moving picture houses have given the boys of our school free tickets to shows.

We are always sorry when this week ends for we are made so happy because we have been favored so much, and we heartily thank those who have been so thoughtful for us.

AN ALBUM from Tambo Upper State School, 2216, Victoria, Australia, to Pleasant Hill School, Lincoln, Nebraska, describes one very practical way in

which Australian Juniors are able to benefit their country:

We plant pine trees and other trees on Arbor Day every year to help our country, for Australia's timber supplies are very low. It was suggested that schools in Victoria plant one or more acres of pine trees or other commercial trees every year. Our school plants about three hundred and sixty pine trees every year. We have half of Arbor Day to do it, and everyone helps. Besides the pine

planting, we plant other trees in our school grounds, including trees around the school fence. The Victorian schools' plantation scheme will help to increase our country's timber resources in later years. The trees we planted three years ago are now ten feet high, and in two more years time we hope to have three acres of pine trees growing.



Siamese Juniors fence to keep fit

KIRBY SMITH Junior High School, Jacksonville, Florida, celebrated "Junior Red Cross Week" in April, 1931. They had talks on Junior work from their chairman, and gave a number of entertainments. These included an allegorical pageant, with printed programs, entitled "The Gifts We Bring" and three plays, "The Magic Basket," "Tom, Dick and Harry and the Pirates' Chest" and "Saving San Lita." The Juniors made the scenery and costumes for the plays themselves.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	April, 1932	Page
COVER	<i>George Carlson</i>	
PORO RICAN UMBRELLAS	<i>Anna Milo Upjohn</i>	170
A ROMANCE CARVED IN IVORY	<i>Margaret R. Scherer</i>	171
THE SUN RETURNS TO SUOMI	<i>Katharine Van Etten Lyford</i>	174
	<i>Illustrations by Kurt Wiese</i>	
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S FIRST PATIENT	<i>Leslie G. Cameron</i>	177
EDITORIALS	180	
INSECT HELPERS.....	<i>L. O. Howard</i>	181
IN TREELAND.....	<i>Ethel Blair Jordan</i>	182
	<i>Decoration by Enid Hoeglund</i>	
OUR OWN VERSE.....	184	
YOUR MONEY MULTIPLIED.....	185	
FRIENDS OVER THE BORDER.....	187	
JUNIORS AT HOME AND ABROAD....	189	

JUNIORS of Palm Beach, Florida, held a carnival and raised more than \$100. The money raised will be used to help defray the expenses of the delegates to the National Convention, to make a liberal contribution to the National Children's Fund, and to buy books for their own school library. The Juniors voted it used these ways and the books will be given to the library by the Junior Red Cross.

ROBIN'S SPRING SONG

Grade III - Jackson School
The Class

Mary Mac Intosh
Betty DiPonterio
Dorothy Byfield
Eli Butler

Rob - in is sing - ing a song of cheer,
Tell - ing us all that spring - time is here.
High in the top of the old oak tree,
His tun - y throat is burst - ing with glee
Hark! He is sing - ing, "Chee - ree, chee - ree,
Hap - py spring - time is here."

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Grade VI - Jackson School
The Class

MagJulien Wolf
Gertrude Schwitz
Robert Earl

Have you seen an ap - ple or - chard in the spring, in the
spring? A Hempstead ap - ple or - chard in the spring? When the
spread-ing trees are sway-ing, With their blos-soms heav-i-ly weigh-ing, And the
birds are mer-ri-ly say - ing, "It is Spring."

FROM HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK,
SCHOOL "OUR OWN SONG BOOK"

